

few days ago. "Yes, sir. What horse

"One with a docked young man.

"Oh, dear me, how annoying; but perhaps ou have a horse with a short banged tail."

"Then send me around the horse with the hortest bang," and the young man went off. The writer then met a gentleman who has a speedy trotter or two and asked him if he had docked his horses' tails. He fired up at the

peasts in front of me," said he, "and I have my quinion of the man who would drive such cattle. o bang a horse's tail is a grievous mistake, but to dock it is an outrageous crime." There would seem to be a certain amount of prejudice on his side, too.

Don't know; going to St. Louis," he said. "Sick?"
"Maybe, and maybe it's something on her mind. I've got an idea that she's watching It was a winter day and raining at that. It was dusk, but the lamps had not been lighted, was dusk, but the lamps had not been lighted, when six or eight people got on at a station. Among them was a couple whom I believed to be newly wedded, although they were middle aged. The man was fine looking and the woman really handsome, and they took a seat about the middle of the car, with their backs to the veiled woman. When I happened to look hash I found has aiting bely wright and all other respects.

Every horseman remembers that just before the fashion of banging horses' tails came into vogue there used to be seen a few old nags, in the sear and yellow leaf, with what were then look back I found her sitting bolt upright and acting as if very much excited. Fitteen minutes after the train had pulled out of the sta tion the little woman passed me as she went down the aisle. The lamps were alight now,

and I saw a pistol clutched in her right hand. The couple referred to were acting very lov-ingly toward each other, but I had not conected the little woman with them at all. She passed them by two or three feet and then whoeled, raised her veil and stood with the pistol pointed full in the man's face.

No one can be prepared for action under such circumstances. Every one in the car was looking at the woman and everybody realized that a tragedy was at hand, but nobody moved. For fully thirty seconds the woman stood like a statue, the pistol within two feet of the man's STYLES OF DOCKING. There are a good many different styles of

face. Those in front of him said that he flushed up at first sight of her and then grew pale as death. He tried to speak, but his lips Her arm slowly fell until it rested beside her, and with a sobbing wail she sank down in the

minutes later we knew that he was dead—as surely dead as if a bullet had pierced his brain.

A doctor who came in from the car ahead said it was a case of heart failure. He was the husit was a case of heart failure. He was the husband of the little woman who had been riding so long on the back seat. They had quarrelled. and he had become infatuated with the woman beside him. The wife had planned to encounter them and kill him. He had looked into the face of death for thirty seconds and the strain on his nerves had stopped the flow of life as suddenly as if struck by a thunderbolt.

A corpse, an adventures: a widew! It ended. A corpse, an adventuress, a widow! It ended there for us, but not for them. Was it any wonder that as the train rushed on through the darkness each one of us seemed to hear a

voice, saying:
"As ye sow, so shall ye reap! The deeds of
the wicked shall recoil upon their own heads!"

From the Chicago Times.

He attracted considerable attention, even in Chicago, where deformities and beggars are at every turn, for the terrible character of his injury. Both legs had been taken off at the

thigh, leaving hardly a trace of even a stump. He was planted on the sidewalk of one of the busy West Side streets a few days ago, leaning back against a pile of lumber that lay at the edge of the walk. Without this support he must have lost his balance, for he used no crutches, and it appeared that his hands were the only propelling power he could use.

The poor wretch's overcoat was longer than he was, and the skirts of it were spread out around him on the walk, while before him lay

his hat upturned for alms.

He needed the aid of no verbal appeal.

Every one noticed him, and almost all gave of their substance. A gambler dropped in a dol lar and felt that he had errned luck for a week lar and felt that he had errned luck for a week. Pretty girls and their attentive companions reduced their pocket money. Even an Italian fruit vender passing dropped a dime in the hat with a thought that this was his Easter offering, if a little late. Contributions were rapidly transferred to the substantial leather pocket of the ragged overcoat. The man seemed to be getting uneasy. At last the hat was emptied and returned to its other post of service ou his head. Two men came hurriedly out of the store in front of which the beggar had been transacting business and walked

had been transacting business and walked over to the pile of lumber. "Get out," said one to the cripple. "We want to hustle this lumber into the basement." And the deformed wretch placed his hands on the pavement, gave a hitch and a scramble and drew out of a coal hole a pair of excellent and drew out of a coal hole a pair of excellent legs, terminated by equally serviceable feet, which had been resting on the pile of coal under the sidewalk. Several dollars' worth of the coin of the republic jingled in his pockets as he entered the double-hinged, back-action doors of the nearest institution for the amelioration of arid suffering.

Dust and Diction

SOME FAMOUS ECHOES Queer Tricks of Sound in the Old Hall of

WHERE THE ECHO SPOTS ARE—THE SECRETS O THE ORACLE REVEALED-PRANES PLAYED BY VISITORS-THE PICTURES ON THE PUDDING STONE PILLARS

The old hall of Representatives, or as it is

now called, statuary hall, is the curiosity shop

of the Capitol. It was an original part of the

present building, erected soon after the destruction of the old Capitol by the British in the war of 1812. The design was the work of sah, dat ain't calkerlated fur. Latrobe, after the theater at Athens. But the malediction of the old Greek architects seems to have followed the appropriation of their design, for the walls are haunted by such a troop of echoes that as an auditorium it has always been a complete failure. Or it may be that the quarry up the Potomac, whence the marble columns of the hall were brought, was the home of some old Indian powwow, who resented the invasion of his re-treat, and still mocks the desecrators treat, and still mocks the desecration of his abode. However that may be, the echoes are there, and form one of the chief echoes are there, and form one of the Capi tol. They sound uncanny enough now when pointed out by an every-day authorized guide but one can easily picture what a sensation they will create when, some 5,000 years hence, they are rediscovered by some enterprising Ameri-canologist who comes to unearth the buried Capitol of the long forgotten American repub-lic. If old time is only kind enough to leave the roof on this part of the building it is safe to say the old Greek ghosts who now gibber so fluently among the arches will wake up again and fairly laugh the archeologists out of their

general custom with horses whose tails are either banged or docked. It shows the curve of the neck off to advantage and makes the animal look high bred, for a long, bushy mane is seldom the characteristic of a blooded horse. As the more remarkable echoes have been located from time to time the tiles of the pave-ment from which they can be most distinctly heard have been noted and handed down orally from generation to generation of guides an employes. The other day an obliging employe went over the ground with a STAR reporter and long banged tail and the mane is either left alone or is plaited, and with trotting horses the long switch tail and the loose mane as napointed out some of the acoustic curiosities of

IN FRONT OF THE ALLEN STATUE.

The first white tablet in the floor directly front of the marble statue of Allen of Ohio one of a pair of echo tablets. Its companion hes at the intersection of two perpendicular lines drawn from the pedestal of the marble Garfield on the south side of the hall and from the bronze figure of Phil Kearny on the west

To one standing on the first named tablet and facing the statue of Allen words spoken from the other tablet seem to be uttered by Allen himself. This trick of sound being the product of the model of a Grecian temple would seem to offer a very clear explanation of the speakto offer a very clear explanation of the speaking oracles at Delphi and other well-known centers of classical fakirism.

The placing of the Garfield statue in the hall destroyed one of the well-known echo combinations. A tablet which that statue now covers and another near the door of the clerk's office on the north side of the chamber were receiving stations. Persons standing upon them received simultaneously the sound of words spoken from a third tablet of the west of the hall near the Phil Kearny statue, though the message was delivered in a voice so low as to be inaudible at any distance from the speaker except at the two points named.

Another pair of echo tablets is found by taking the distance of the control of the clerk's office on the north side of the west of the hall near the Phil Kearny statue, though the message was delivered in a voice so low as to be inaudible at any distance from the speaker except at the two points named.

Another pair of echo tablets is found by taking the message was delivered in a voice so low as to be inaudible at any distance from the speaker except at the two points named.

five minutes, sah, wen he hured de cry of fire an' lookin' back he saw er big pile of smoke a-cumin' right up from de cabin itself.

My gran'farder he rush back jus' ez fas' ez his ing a stand on the seventh white tablets north from the base of the Allen statue and posting

from the base of the Allen statue and posting a companion on the eighth white tablet west of that. Each speaker in this case receives the voice of the other as though it came from above and behind instead of directly in front above above and behind instead of directly in front above above and behind instead of directly in front above above above above above above above and behind instead of directly in front above above above above and behind instead of directly above abo of the listener. ANOTHER COMBINATION.

All the above-named echoes come to the distener from an unexpected direction and wood hed gone, an' my gran'farder's cabin befo' dey cud git any water 'tali mos' uf de

listener from an unexpected direction and close at hand, but turning to the statue of Lewis Cass one can locate a combination of a different sort. Stand upon the fourth white tablet counting outward from the base of the statue toward the center of the hall and listen to the voice of a speaker standing upon the tenth tablet, counting out in a similar direction from the statue of Collamer of Vermont. A faint halloo seems to be carried upward into the air and is heard by the listener as coming directly from the apex of the dome.

One of the most perplexing illusions is the echo heard when coming into the hall through

pages on a dull day, when the hall is still and selves in the doorway toward the House and serves in the doorway toward the House and start up a disrespectful conversation with the first rural visitor who stops on the fatal tablet to admire the clock. The fun comes in when the affronted party starts off in diametrically

the wrong direction to find his tormentor.

Directly under the center of the great arch which spans the hall on the south is what is known as the individual block. It is a white tablet, easy to find because marked with a small hole in one corner. Standing upon this and facing the door toward the rotunda or ous whisper from beneath the pavement behind him. Face round toward the Hopse of Repre sentatives and speak and there is no ech

heard at all. THE TELEPHONE. The only other notable acoustic properties of the hail discovered up to date are the "telephone pillars," the two rectangular column upon which the main arch of the hall abuts. A gentle whisper breathed to the smooth surface of one of these is heard by an ear placed close to the other pillar over a hundred feet away, but is inaudible to any one standing in the line between the two points.

In the old days when the hall was occupied by

the House the echoes fairly laughed the legisl tors out of doors. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter scientifically and to see if by means of wires and screens the sound waves could not be broken. Maps and plans with imaginary focal lines and angles of deflec tion, were prepared and experiments were tried, but in vain. The spell of the old Greeks was too strong for such contrivances, and the maps were consigned to the library where they still rest, while the committee, like the north

The breccia columns, vulgularly called 'pudding stone," which support the dome of the hall, are another item of interest. Their mottled surfaces contain numberless pictures, some of which have quite a reputation. The pillar back of the Collamor statue contains a white spot about two inches in diameter some six feet above the floor. A few black lines through it seem at first sight meaningless, but when studied a moment spring into quite a surprising likeness of Senator Edmunds. The next column, which is back of the Alien statue, next column, which is back of the Alien statue, contains a similar portrait in black of Gen. Ben Butler. Another of the columns back of the Garfield statue contains a pear and a fruit knife in close proximity, and search would doubtless reveal other pictures equally good. Finally there is set in the floor in the southwest corner of the hall near the statue of Lincoln a small brass disk with the inscription "John Quincy Adams, Here, Feb. 21st, 1848." It is the spot where Adams sank when stricken with paraiysis on that date. Two days later in the clerk's office across the hall he died.

From the Chicago Times.

There are now on exhibition at the Institute of Building Arts about thirty specimens of onyx from the recently discovered deposits in Arizona. Until the discovery of the Arizona quarries the only source of supply of this stone was in the La Pedrara mines in the state of Puebla, in old Maxico. Specimens from the Arizona deposit show that the stone can be obtained in this country in a size suitable for obtained in this country in a size suitable for architectural purposes and of the finest quality. While the Mexican deposit was only three acres in extent originally, and is now practically exhausted, the Arizona quarries cover about 300 acres. The specimens on exhibition show infinite variety in color and take the highest polish. The exhibit consists of thirty odd slabs, about one inch thick and varying from four to twelve square feet in area. The Arizona deposits are located about twenty-seven miles southwest of Prescott, and a branch railroad has already been projected.

From the London Telegraph.

Some peculiar evidence was given yesterday during an inquest before the Liverpool coroner touching the death of Martha Roberts

Six or seven weeks ago deceased cut her hand and to stop the bleeding she adopted the house wife's plan of using a cobweb. Blood poison

THAT TOOTHSOME DISH. An Old Darkey Tells How Planked Shad

"I sees, sab, dat dey is eatin' dis beah plank'd shad down de ribber agin. But whar de Lawd the Orinoco river was as far as I extended my dey done got de name uf plank'd shad to tu explorations toward the sources of that great much for this ole niggah, sah.

ALL ABOUT THE ACCIDENT.

stream," said Ensign Roger Welles, who has "Yer sees, sab, de shad dey is right nuff, just returned from the region mentioned, to a dere sin't nuthin under de sun de matter wid writer for the STAR. He is the only white man shad, but its de name uf de way dat dey cooks that has penetrated those wilds, at all events 'em dat l'ee sprised 'Lout, For dis heah since the days of the early Spaniards. plank'd shad sin't nuthin' in de wurl but one uf Jese tings dat sort er go off w'en yer ain't the world, as you may see by glancing at a

lookin' fur 'em. One of dese tings, yer kno', map of South America. It is dotted all along sah, dat ain't calkerlated fur.

"Acksdents! Yes, sah, dats 'em, sah. Dats jes zackly w'at plank'd shad cum frum, sah, an' nuthin' else, sah, in de wuri. An' ef yer is shuah, sah, dat I isn't pursumin' too much on yuah time, sah, I'il jes propoun de reason I hez, sah, fur layin' down de fac' dat plank'd shad dun cum frum er acksdent.

"Yer see, sah, I'se mighty ole now—nigh on to de time de Good Book 'lows ter us chil'en uf de airth, but my ole gran'farder, sah, wuz heap older den I is w'en he crossed de ribber dat we is all bleeged to cross. An' et wuz frum de ole its course with numerous small islands, and its

SOURCES OF THE ORINOCO.

Described by the First Modern White Man

"Twelve hundred miles from the mouth of

men nor women wearing anything besides loin cloth of the most restricted dimensions "Ter mus' kno', sah, dat my ole gran'farder wuz one of Gineral George Washin'tun's own dere is one of the loin cloths, which represents the height of fashion as to dress among those people. You see it is but a rectangular scrap of bead work fastened by a string. The bead work, however, is very beautiful, sarvants, sah, an' de gineral sot er heap sight on him; sah. De gineral, arter de close uf de on him, san. De gineral, after de close ut de reverlushunary war, settled down ter tek his ease at Mount Vernon, down de ribber heah, being done in an exquisite pattern.
Two hundred miles beyond the mouth of the
Rio Meta the Inirida river enters the Orinoco.
I started up that stream with my canoe loaded
with trinkets for exchange with the natives. an' uf course my ole gran'farder he wuz dar. tu. De gineral wuz mighty fon' uf shad, an' 'low dat dere wuzn't nuthin' tu tech 'em dis side uf de ribber Jordan. He wuzn't satusfied wid havin' 'em jes in de spring, but dose he cudn't eat den he hung up an' dried fur de winter. An' in duin' dat, ez I will 'lucidate, de who live in a condition of extreme savagery, although they are amiably disposed and usually winter. Ah' in duin dat, ez i will inclosic, de acksdent cum 'long w'at 'lowed dat dere wuz er way uf cookin' de shad dat no en ebber heered tell uf befo'—er way uf cookin' 'em, sah, dat no nobody ain't yit 'prov'd on, an' er way uf cookin' 'em dat nobody ain't a-goin' tu harmless. They go entirely nude, save for the loin cloths, as I have described, and get their subsistence by hunting and fishing, chiefly the latter. I was much interested in their mothed of taking fish by the use of the bow and errow.

prove on onless de good Lawd whisper de way "For this purpose they employ arrows six feet in length made of reeds tapped with iron. While a canoe is paddled gently along in the shallows the marksman stands ready with his "De way de acksdent cum wuz jes like dis,ez arrow on the string of the bow. As soon as a large fish is seen, if the approach can be made within range, the arrow is let fly and rarely fails et wuz tol' tu me, sah, by my gran'farder hisself. My gran'farder he hev a log cabin right nigh de ole manshun, 'cause Gineral Washin'to strike the prey. These Indians hunt with blow guns made out of the young stalks of a certain kind of palm, from which the pith is removed. The arrows employed as projectiles are simply splinters of reed, tun, ez I splain'd tu yer, sot er heap sight on my gran'farder an' want him right dar all de my gran farder an want him right do: time. Well, sain, de log cabiniswiz de bes' on de place, an' wiz made out uf de bes' on de place, place, an' wiz made out uf de bes' oak logs dat cud projectiles are simply splinters of reed, sharpened at one cud, the other end being wrapped with enough silk cotton obtained from another kind of palm to fill up the bere of the blow gun. The arrows are about ten inches long and very light. They are tipped with the famous and deadly "woorari" poison. Used by one of these naked savages, the blow an' wuz made out uf de bes' oak logs dat cud be bed, sah. De logs dey wuz jus saw'd down de length uf'em su' de flat side sot out, so dat de length ut'em an' de flat side sot out, so dat de cabin 'pear'd ez smooth like ez yer please, sah. Durin' de fishin' season de cul-lud folks dey fus' dry de gineral's fish, an' den dev dry all dey want fur demselves. 'Bout de time dat I is a-taikin' 'bout, all uf de gineral's shad hed bin dried, an' de cullud folks on de recommendation. gun is a weapon of great accuracy and effectiveness, even a small bird on a tree top being brought down by the skilled sharp-shooter with reasonable certainty at the first

> duced to a sort of meal by rubbing on this grater the cassava is pressed to get the water out of it, because the root is as watery as the potato. Then it is sifted and formed for cooking into what looks like an enormous griddle cake two or three feet in diameter. This cake is baked on a flat piece of earthen-

> ware of corresponding size.
> "An Indian will go off for a week's hunting "An Indian will go off for a week's hunting with no other food than a quantity of cassava prepared in this fashion. I myself was obliged to live upon it almost wholly for months. At first I did not find it palatable, but after awhile I acquired the taste and became quite fond of it. The chief trouble was that it was cooked on the bare ground and always contained a continuous contained and always contained a con-

directly from the apex of the dome.

One of the most perplexing illusions is the echo heard when coming into the hall through the rotunda doorway, over which rests the famous Franzoni clock. Stopping upon the tenth white tablet from the door one receives the echo of a voice from the doorway on the House side of the hall as coming not from that door at all, but from the door beneath the manshun for de Madame an' Gineral Laffyit.

dis airth. An' yer kin b'lieve me ur yer kin but their habits of living otherwise are not such as to promote the virtue which is next to such as to promote the virtue which is next to such as to promote the virtue of the women is concerned, I should say that it was of a high in'ton hisself cum ridin' up to see w'at wuz de cummoshun, an' befo' Gawd, sah, ef de gineral Masham for de Madame an' Gineral Laffyit, performance of suite a transmitted in their case of them are fairly good looking and have excellent figures, but their comellations in the manshun for de Madame an' Gineral Laffyit, performance of suite a transmitted in the purpose. sion. When my cance was on the point of leaving a native village, where we had been so-journing, a young Indian girl seemed to be con-siderably agitated and manifested an evident jus' drap an' drap down on de shad, an' dereby season 'em heap better den anyting else cud. "Dat's de aksdent dat gib rise to w'at yer white folks now calls plank'd shad, but de good desire to accompany me. My pilot, against my wish, permitted her to get aboard, and she came with us down the stream to our next halting place. I noticed that the pilot was extremely attentive to her. Shortly after we made our next landing the mother of the girl made her appearance in a canoe, having fol-lowed us to get back her daughter, whom she

Lawd kno's dat dey ain't plank'd shad. Dey is log shad, ef dey is anyting, sah!" THE GIRL AND HER LOVER. Asking a Fashion Writers' Advice - The Somewhat Startling Result.

WHEN THE FIRE WAS STOPPED.

from the New York Sun. She was a fashion writer. She also had a column in the magazine which was devoted to answering all the letters that damsels, whose complexions were not just what they desired, whose sweethearts did not behave as they wished, who had doubts as to their religious belief, and wanted cures, not only for freckles, but for souls, sought knowledge. She was used to being asked the exact length of Cleopatra's nose, the color of Eve's hair and the family name of Queen Victoria. She gave her opinion as to the propriety of kissing games, gave advice as to dressing a bride or a graduate, but she did get desperately tired when a girl would write sixteen pages about the "gentleman who was keeping company with her." To her most intimate friend the miserable fashion writer told this story:

"Matrimonial methods are extremely simple among these natives. When a young man and young woman wish to marry they go to house-keeping together, and that is all there is of it. Often a youth of one village hundreds of mites distant along the river. As a rule, they seem to enjoy as uninterrupted a domestic felicity as gradually retiring toward the higher sources of the Orinoco because of the harsh and dishonest treatment which they receive at the hands of the white men and half-castes of Venezuela. They can never get fair prices for the cassava which they produce and sell to the Venezuelans. Cussava is an important food of the poorer classes all through Venezuela. answering all the letters that damsels, whose

her." To her most intimate friend the misera-ble fashion writer told this story:
Said she: "A letter came for me, written in the usual fashion, and in which a girl sai: that she had been keeping company with a young man for two years; that he didn't have much money, and did I advise her to marry him and go to boarding or to wait a few months and collect enough furniture to make a little home for themselves? I got immensely interested. I wrote to that girl and advised her to I wrote to that girl and advised her to wait the three months and have a home to start with, and I gave her a lot of advice and a few suggestions that I thought might help her along. I never heard any more of her, but last week when I was shopping a young woman tapped me on the shoulder and asked very modestly: 'Are you Mrs. Dash?' She wore a hat trimmed with roses and very, very long and very wide pale blue streamers down her back. Her coat was a light one, with enormous pearl buttons upon it, and her gloves

and very wide pale blue streamers down her back. Her coat was a light one, with enormous pearl buttons upon it, and her gloves were white. Upon her face was the most delighted expression possible. She looked so happy that it absolutely rested the shop girls. Then she explained herself: "I spose I ought to be ashamed of myself—one lady speaking to another in this way—but I'm Mrs. Frilkina. Of course, you don'tknow me by my name now, but I always read your magazine, and last year I wrote you a letter askin' you whether I had better marry a young man who was runnin' after me then, or whether I had better marry a young man who was runnin' after me then, or whether I had better wait until we had enough to set up housekeeping. You wrote me a beautiful letter—you told me how to be noble and honorable with my husband, and to be affectionate and always glad to see him, and then you told me to wait for a home. It was a mighty lucky thing you said that, 'cause I had made up my mind to do exactly what you told me. I've get the flat and you see how I am dressed, and I am buying some sewing silk to use

of such drugs as phenacetine, anti-pyrine and anti-kamnia for slight ailments such as nerv-ousness and headache," said a doctor at the Lindell. "The use of the drugs mentioned has a most deleterious effect and while the com-

older den I is w'en he crossed de ribber dat we is all bleeged to cross. An'et wuz fram de ole man, sah, dat I learned de fac' dat w'at de white folks call plank'd shad aint plank'd shad ward the interior, whither I penetrated, nakedness is the rule among the natives, neither the native of the country and beyond toward the interior, whither I penetrated, nakedness is the rule among the natives, neither the native of the country and beyond toward the interior, whither I penetrated, nakedness is the rule among the natives.

"These primitive aborigines dwell in buts

These primitive aborigines dwell in huts built of palm leaves mostly. Each family has its little garden patch, which is chiefly devoted to raising the root from which cassava is made. They depend upon this root almost entirely for foed, apart from what they get by hunting and fishing. It is prepared by grating to begin with. The grater employed is of the most primitive possible description, being simply a plank with perforations, small sharp pieces of flint being inserted in the holes. Being reduced to a sort of meal by rubbing on this description, the cassava is pressed to get the water "Dey tried mighty hard to stop dat fire, but

the bare ground and always contained a considerable percentage of dirt. However, one must not be too particular about one's diet when traveling in the wilds. These savages are quite cleanly, so far as bathing is concerned, but their habits of living otherwise are not such as to promote the virtue which is next to godliness.

"So far as the virtue of the women is concerned, I should say that it was of a high order. Some of them are fairly good looking.

took away with her. The pilot was very meltook away with her. The photos aud subsequently ancholy after this occurrence and subsequently confessed to me that he had brought the young confessed to me that he had brought the her his "Matrimonial methods are extremely simple

food of the poorer classes all through Vene zuela, being ground by machines in factories Among the curiosities which I obtained from these savages for exhibition at the world's fair at Chicago are a number of interesting musical instruments, such as reed flutes and drums made out of a kind of corkwood. I intended to speak of the remarkable pattern in which the beadwork of the loin cloths is always made. This pattern, as you will observe, is in a geometric form peculiarly Greek, and the mystery is where these people got it from. Not least strange is the fact that the cassava graters are always made with the sharp pieces of flint arranged in precisely the same design, which doubtless had some original significance long lost even to tradition.

Aids to Oratory. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat,

shother I had better was a shother I had better—you told me how to be noble and honorable with my husband, and to be affectionate and always glad to see him, and then you told me to wait for a home. It was a mighty lucky thing you said that, 'cease I had made up my mind to do exactly what you told me. I've got the flat and you see how I am dressed, and I am buying some sowing silk to use to make a little wrapper with. You've done more for me than any woman in the world.

"I can't tell you just how this affected me; I felt the tears come into my eyes and I thought, 'Well, after all, the letters do some so Arizona od."

"I caught Mrs. Frilkins by the hands, and I said: I can't tell you how glad I am! And





## Republic.

ALSO A MORBID CURIOSITY.

Everybody Wants to See What Everybody Else is Doing-Some Characteristics of Petropolis-How the Town is Laid Out and

the Houses Are Arranged.

PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL, March 21, 1892. F YOU LIVED IN BRAzil vou would soon com prehend what is meant by "a life of busy idle-

ness"-i, e., being unceasingly employed in doing nothing, even hurried at the bootless occupation, with no moments of absolute leisure except when asleep, yet with never that comfortable feeling experienced by Longfel-Backsmith" ("Something attempted,

something done, has earned a night's repose") for here you never attempt anything of ac count, and if you did it would not be accomlished. In this refuge among the summer hills, as in crowded Rio Janeiro, the citizens and citizenesses spend most of their butterfly lives on the streets, not by any means for the sake of exercise and fresh air, but in strolling aimlessly about or gossiping for hours, stand-ing in groups or couples, as at a perpetual gar-den party or reception. There is excuse for that sort of thing at the capital, where the that sort of thing at the capital, where the streets, abounding in striking sights and sounds, present an ever-changing, always exciting panorama, but hardly any in Petropolis, where fashion never wanders beyond the only commonplace square in town, with the railway depot for its ultima thule, while some of the grandest scenery in the world lies all unheeded within easy walking or riding distance, and a handred delightful excursions might be made ff only the people were not too lazy to make them.

MORBID CURIOSITY OF THE INHABITANTS. Next to indolence the most impressive trait of an character is morbid curiosity, and it that which keeps him continually out of rs, perambulating a regular beat like a poiceman, and which sends him to the station every morning when the train departs for Ric very evening when it returns. Walk



PROM MY WINDOWS AT THERPSOPOLIS. any street in Brazil at any time of day you will observe that nearly every window corated with female heads and shoulders

ging over the sills, while their owners chat, one another and minutely inspect all ser with one another and minutely inspect all passersby, evidently quite as willing to be seen as to see. Not only do women of the lower classes spend most of their waking hours in this way, but the habit is universal—probably the natural outcome of the national characteristic of morbid epriosity enhanced by the Latin notion that for females "a little learning angerous thing," that reading is not good tem, and that work of every kind should left entirely to the servants. Thus ladies apper tendom have not even the care of irr own children to occupy their rughts, and society ordains that they let not walk abroad unless accompanied some male relative. Therefore, without



nothing in the world to do but to eat

and look as pretty as nature will allow-

ing out of windows. The only alternative on and music, and in both distraction indulge to excess without going very years in and out, one may hear them lightest of French, Spanish and Porcommunities, the wind ng always open, the neighbors are not driven stark, staring mad, as perhaps they would be yearly staring mad, as perhaps they would be were not the noise partially drowned by that they are making themselves, the same airs be-ing continually rattled on every piano all up and down the street.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE SHOPKEEPERS. Shopkeeping in Brazil is by no means the ant occupation one may find it in New ork. Everywhere in this country you will and the merchants blocking their own door-mays, even during the busiest hours of the day, by standing in them, gazing into the street— not because they expect anything to happen, but merely from an overweening desire to see what other people are doing, the same instinct which impels them at the theater to turn their back upon the high-priced performance and which impels them at the theater to turn their back upon the high-priced performance and spend the time staring at each other. If you insist upon buying something and succeed in pinning the unwilling shopkeeper behind his counter you cannot infuse into him any ap-parent interest either in your business or his. He treats you with an air that plainly says

He treats you with an air that plainly says your patronage is nothing to him. In reply to your inquiry for some desired article he is quite as likely to say he has it not, though it may be in plain sight, and should you point it out he will smile and elevate his eyebrows as if to say, "What persistent bores these foreigners are." Or perhaps if you ask for a particular thing he will direct you to the case or drawer where it ought to be and leave you to search for yourself, while he hurries back to his street gazing and gossiping. No matter how much gossiping. No matter how much uently you buy there is never any ad if you object to an extertionate

BRAZILIAN INDOLENCE

price the merchant smiles politely, shrugs his shoulders and turns his entire attention to the cigarette he has all the time been smoking, as if glad to be rid of you on any terms. And then it is so exasperating to take a long walk in the broiling sun, to find the shops all closed, as they are about two-thirds of the time (always exceptions when they have been smoking.) (always excepting Sundays), because it happens (always excepting Sundays), because it happens to be some saint's day or patriotic anniversary, or because the alleged business hours have not begun, or may be they are over for that day, though the streets are yet thronged with pos-

HOUSES BUILT ON THE STREET.

One observes with surprise that no matter how ample a Brazilian's city lot may be he builds his house so that its front walls are flush with the hot, dusty, reeking pavements—for no other reason than to the more easily gratify his irresistible impulse of inquisitiveness. The finest mansion in Rio is a fair example of this idiosyneracy. It is an immense three-story palace, and though backed by many acres of and extending down to the beautiful bay and covered with splendid old trees, fruits, flowers, fountains and statuary, the grounds are en-

tirely neglected, because its front windows, unshaded by tree or screen, open directly upon the most noisy street in Rio; and there the family congregate, forever looking out with curiosity unabated. Every house not provided

CASCADE OF ITAMARITY, NEAR PETROPOLIS. with balconies for observation has its window sills carefully cushioned so that the occupant the doctor of our party facetiously suggests that probably they are fitted with rings inside, in which the ladies may hitch their toes to prevent them from tumbling out when more than half their bodies are protruded. If by rare chance a mansion is situated a little distance from the street an ornamental arbor is con-

structed near the curb in which the family may sit and see.

Life in Petropolis, or Corrego Secco, or Sao There is no Rua do Onvider, with its gaily dressed crowds and shops of diamond dealers and Parisian goods, but there are plenty of shops here, such as they are, and a fashionable promenade, which everybody patronizes at the regulation hours. The town lies in a valley of three clear mountain rivers, which engineers

and gardeners have so improved upon that they are the feature of the place. HOW THE STREETS ARE LAID OUT.

The Rio Piabanha (named from the small fish that abounds in its waters) and its feeding runnels pour babbling, gravel-floored streams brough the two principal avenues, called res pectively Emperor and Empress street; and in the square of Dom Pedro Segundo two streams, coming from opposite directions, unite, after-ward flowing through the centers of several other streets till they are joined by a third stream, which forms a considerable river and runs to the limits of the town, whence it leaps down the mountain side in numerous foaming cascades on its way to join the broad Parahyba cascades on its way to join the broad Parahyba. Each city stream has an artificial channel, from ten to fifteen feet deep, and is crossed by numerous little bridges painted scarlet and black. Their gentle sloping banks, covered with the greenest grass, is followed on both sides by broad, macadamized roads and shaded by fine old with the greenest grass. by fine old willow trees, interspersed with the feathery, sweet-scented cedar (cedralla odorata), which Brazilians never cut, for they believe it supplied the wood for the "true cross," as in England, centuries ago, the tremb-

ing aspen enjoyed that distinction.

It is not possible to obtain a view of the whole town from any one point, small as it is

It Was No Use in a Bridal Couple to Try to numerically, because so scattered among the hills and valleys. The yellowish brown palace

of the emperor, in its twelve-acre setting of highly ornamented "grounds," is the central point from which all things radiate. Business is confined to one short street. Some of the avenues are comparatively level; others wan-der up and down in the most erratic fashion. There are many spacious and tasteful resi-dences—detached villas, kioshs, chalets, cottages most of them with scarlet painted roofs and gardens that are indescribably gorgeous and roads bordered by country homes and coffee plantations, stretch away between hills that are yet covered with virgin forests.

HOTELS AND CHURCHES. There are half a dozen tolerable hotels, which the average rate of living is \$2.25 per diem. Most of them are kept by Swiss or Germans, and some are perfect copies of the chalets one sees in Alpine valleys. There are several Lutheran, Roman Catholic and other churches, and every year the government makes a special appropriation for sustaining its schools. This was begun when the place was a German colony, and the late Dom Pedro took a deep interest in it, since it was founded by his father and named after himself. And ndeed it is no small matter to the denizens of recking, fever-haunted Rio to have within five hours easy journey so delightful a refuge, where, as our Yankee friend observed, "one may enjoy the rare luxury of sitting in a dry skin." However Yellow Jack may rage below, it has never reached Petropolis, though, as is well known, it often climbs much higher. Perwell known, it often climbs much higher. Perhaps its absence here is partly due to the ferruginous springs that abound in the locality and supply what Brazilians particularly need—iron for the blood and a remedy for gastric derangements. The latitude produces not only the palm tree of the tropics, but the pine of the north, the aloe and the ca-dar, the orange and the apple. More rain falls here than in Rio, sometimes lasting for days together, making roaring torrents of the little rivers, and then we understand why their

waiis and makes the air so cool that wood frees are comfortable mornings and evenings— though after the Spanish-American fashion, no homes except those of resident foreigners are provided with any sort of heating apparatus. FORESTS ON THE EDGE OF THE TOWN. The Viscount of Maua, builder of the rail way, has a beautiful villa at the meeting of two mountain brooks, and others of the best two mountain brooks, and others of the best houses are owned by members of the diplomatic corps and wealthy foreigners. The town is barely fifty years old and Brazilians are not enterprising in hunting new localities. Therefore, within five minutes' walk from your hotel, in almost any direction, you may prunge into a primeval solitude, whose Columbus you seem to be, where nature is at her wildest and no sound is heard but the drowsy hum of insects, the whirr of brilliant wings and maybe the rustle of a serpent gliding through the thickets. the whirr of brilliant wings and maybe the rustle of a serpent gliding through the thickets Within the limits of the town were three coni-cal hills, each about 500 feet high, covered from base to apex with verdant forests, if which the pale yellow of the banana is mingled with the dark green of wild bamboo. Far as

channels were dug so deep. The moisture freshens the flowers that cling to the cottage walls and makes the air so cool that wood fires

ON THE WAY TO PETROPOLIS.

fore Petropolia became a "summer capital," was the resort of the first emperor, diplomats, distinguished strangers and wealthy Brazilians, occupies an elevated valley forty-five miles northeast from Rio. Its locality is marked from afar from those sharp peaks, rising like the pipes of an organ, which are among the first and greatest objects of interest to a stranger in these parts, and in its neighborhood is found the very best climate in all Brazil, as well as the grandest mountain scenery and the most interesting and varied vegetation. But the journey thereto involves considerable fatigue and therefore is neglected in favor of the easier and cheaper route to Petropolia. A boat leaves Rio three times a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—at 3 p.m., which calls at Paquits on the way and lands passengers at the little village Piedade, near the upper end of the bay, about 6 o'clock. Here you will find a diligencia in waiting to convey travelers across the country to the foot of the Serra dos Orgaos, and perhaps an hour before midnight you will be dumped out at the door of the wretched inn where the night must be passed.

The journey up the Serra is usually made on mule back in the early morning; and a more glorious and exhilarating ride can hardly be imagined. Moses on Mount Sinai may have seen a finer sight, but I doubt it. Near the summit the trail passes close under the Dedo do Deus ("Finger of God"), whose sharp, inaccessible peak is so conspicuous a landmark for hundreds of miles around, and beside the Garrafao, whose extreme point is capped by an enormous boulder, which looks as if a touch for hundreds of miles around, and beside the Garrafao, whose extreme point is capped by an enormous boulder, which looks as if a touch might dislodge it—yet, how many centuries has it held its place. The village of Theresopolis (known as Varzea, before its name was changed in honor of the empress) lies in a dip between the mountains, at an elevation of about 3:000 feet, and commands a magnificent view of all the peaks. At the "Alto" where the road passes through a gap into the valley of Rio Paquequer, the elevation is nearly 4,000 feet, and the town is three miles beyond. It is only a straggling settlement and possesses no good hotel; but one can afford to live on air for awhile, such air as this—for sake of the charming walks and rides and incomparable views.

Fannie B. Wand.

SOME CHILD SUPERSTITIONS.

Listening for the Hammer's Knock and Watching the Turkey Buzzard's Flight. From the New York World. Children in the south have some very inter-

sting superstitions used in their games, telling fortunes," &c. For instance, in making a wish which they re anxious to have come true they pick up a

The same method is used for curing toothche, but first the gum around the tooth is ricked until it bleeds. Warts also are removed

They believe that a tooth that is extracted

hould always be buried; otherwise the coming ne will be a dog's tooth. They will "try their fortunes" by going across a brook and gathering nine switches of different kinds, dip them in the brook, then bind them together, using with the twine a hair from the head of the person "trying the fortune;" then they are put under the pillow at night, and the dream will be of the future hushand or wife.

band or wife.

These children have a very pretty way of "teling fortunes" with the dodder vine, or love vine, as they call it. A piece is broken off and twisted round the head three times, then dropped on a bank behind them. If the sweetheart is true it grows, If it dies he or she is The mullen stalk is also used to learn the

constancy or the fickleness of the lover. The stalk is broken, but not detached, and if it continues to grow the absent one is constant, or They have also many ways of telling fortunes Pedro de Alcantara, as the city has been called at different times in its history, goes on in When the new moon is seen for the first time,

Strange to say, according to their accounts, one of these three sounds is sure to be heard. On hearing the first wood dove in the spring they will sit down, remove the shoe and stock-ing from the left foot and in the heel of the stocking they say there will be found a hair the color of that of the man or woman they will

marry.

Then the flight of the turkey buzzard is always noted, especially if flying alone, and the bird is addressed thus:

Hail, hail, lonely turkey buzzard, Fly to the east, fly to the west, Fly to the one that I love best! Let me know by the flap of the wing Whether he or she loves me or not. The bird's direction of flight is noted; also the motion of the wings. If they flap it is con-sidered a true sign that the lover or sweetheart

is true.

There is a superstition common among children in almost all localities in the south that if you kill a snake and hang it in a tree it will surely rain within three days.

Another one is that hair combings should never be thrown out of doors, for the never be thrown out or doors, for the trans-

nests and thus produce constant hea

Pass as Old Stagers.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The hand of fate, operating through the head waiter, seated them at the most conspicuous table in the dining room. "Don't stare at me so lovingly," he flercely

hissed, "or you'll give it all away." The fair young girl at his side blushed and ooked very much confused. "Hum," coughed he, ostensibly eyeing the

But he was overdoing it. Nobody was de-"Bring us some mock turtle," he commanded, attempting a growl, but realizing only a trem-

"Don't call me any pet name here," pered from the side of his mouth.

She tried to look unconcerned, but became redder in the face every moment. He essayed to look savage, but made a distinct failure of it. "Er-lovely morning," he suddenly observed aloud, with a sickly attempt at nonchalance. "Yes-yes, my-I-"
"Sh! Don't call me any pet names. Why,

you'd give us away in a minnte."

He assumed a feeble imitation of lofty inifference. She seemed about ready to sink "George," very softly.

He tried to frown prodigiously, with only ndifferent success.
"I think," extremely pianissimo, body is looking at us." He was uneasy and his hands were much in his way. But inspiration came at last.
"It doesn't seem," he suddenly exclaimed very audibly (the look of incredulity on his face was a fair simulation of the real thing), "as if we had been married four years, does its?"

"N—no, George,"
The bald-headed individual near the door got choked with his soup, but with that exception there was not a soul in the room that did not smile.

Presently the bridal comple retired; their appetites appeared not to be of the most robust.

Prom the New York Press.

The young son of a prominent actor got into some mischief the other day which drew upon catled later in the afternoon the boy was still

the eye can see other hillsides show neat cotages and patches of cultivation. Most of these belong to descendants of the original colonists and bear familiar German manest brought from fatherhad by those old "draft families," together with their astional distonal and traditions. The children of some of them have become rich coffee planters and a great deal of business passes through their hands. To them the valleys are yet thair, the rills bachs, the hills gebirge, and their reliboushined, rosy-cheeked lads and lasses are good to look at besides the average bifuous-skinned Brazilian.

The resopolis, the twin cify, which long before Petropolia became a "summer capital," was the resort of the first emperor, diplomats, distinguished strangers and wealthy Brazilians, occupies an elevated valley forty-free miles mortheast from Rio. Its locality is marked from afar front those sharp peaks, rising like the pipes of an organ, which are among the first and great and great and great from Rio. Its locality is marked from afar front those sharp peaks, rising like the pipes of an organ, which are among the first and greatest objects of interest to a stranger in these parts, and in its neighbor-shood is found the very best elimate in all Brazil, as well as the grandest mountain security and the most interesting and varied variety swell breed to a livery stable keeper a l

PASHION IN HORSES' MANES. The matter of horses' manes is also an im do you want?" said the portant one in the world of fashion. The

ashion of roaching is not as popular as it was,

but is still practiced, especially on horses. It is cruel, too, as the neck of the horse is entirely exposed to the attack of flies, but the mane can be allowed to grow out. From an esthetic

standpoint it improves the appearance of some horses, but is fatal to the looks of others. A long-eared, thin-necked horse with a closely roached mane looks for all the world like a mule. Pulling some of the mane out is a very

These remarks do not apply, of course, to horses on the track. The people who have been out to the Benning track this week may have noticed that the horses are left with a

The Woman on the Back Seat.

From the New York Sun.

I boarded the train at 4 o'clock in the after

noon, and had scarcely got seated when I

noticed a little woman on the last seat of the

right-hand side. I could not see her face on

account of the heavy veil she wore, and she

I thought her asleep. There were only a few

passengers of us in the car, and everybody

"Who's the woman back there?" I asked of the conductor as he sat down beside me for a

ew minutes.

seemed to shrink into himself as if disgusted.

caned over against the window so heavily that

ure made it are the correct thing.

tail, of course," said the "Haven't got such a thing in my stalls," said he dealer in horse fiesh.

"Oh, yes, several of 'em." The writer for THE STAR accosted him a little later and asked him why he wanted a horse with only half a tail. He seemed surprised at the ignorance of the man who could ask such s question and proceeded to explain that longtailed horses had not been the fashion for fifteen years and that rather than ride one he would walk the balance of his days. He said he liked horse with a short docked tail best, but that, a norse with a short docked tail best, but that, if it was a case of necessity, he could on a pinch put up with a bang-tailed nag, but he could not conceive of any circumstances that would induce him to go through the streets on a horse with a long flowing tail. Here was clearly a case of prejudice.

very suggestion.
"I wouldn't be seen with one of the mutilated

HORSEMEN TOUCHY ON THE SUBRECT. There are few subjects that horsemen are more touchy about than this subject of their horses' tails. A certain class of people won't ride or drive a long-tailed horse if they can stone that is imbedded in the ground, spit on the underside and replace it, being careful to fit it in just as it was; by so doing they think they will "get their wish."

The same method is used for curing tooththe other hand there are people who won't buy a horse unless he has his natural tail, aligh he may suit their purpose exactly in

called bob tails, which is merely the old-fashioned term for docked tails. They were fashioned term for docked tails. They were survivors of a style that had been very popular fifteen or twenty years before that. The fashion went out and long flowing tails were the correct thing for many years; then people began to cut their horses' tails square, but with plenty of hair left; then they cut them square right up close to the bone; then they began to cut the bone, and now docking is a custom as cutting a terrier's ears. ommon as cutting a terrier's ears.

wearing the hair for men and women and almost as many for the hair of horses' tails. First of all to consider the bang. There is the long bang, the short bang, the parted bang and the fan-shaped bang. The first of these contemplate the cutting off of all the hair on the tail below about four inches of the bone. With some horses it is rather becoming, and especially with saddle horses it shows off the build of the horse and gives him a neat, compact appearance. There is not much cruelty involved either, as there is a good switch left to take care of the flies, and if the horse is turned out to pasture in the summer his tail will grow out again. At any rate, there is no permanent injury done. The short bang involves cutting the hair square off right up to the bone. With nearest horses this research was relief but the sound of the horse is and swin and the second of the short bang involves cutting the hair square off right up to the bone. With ome horses this means a very short tail, but not so with others, for the length of the bones of horses' tails varies very considerably. Some big horses have short tail bones and some little horses have long ones. In most cases the horse with a short bang is at the mercy of flies, howcommon on docked tails than on banged tails, but it can be used on a short tail bone that has not been cut. It consists simply in parting the hair of the tail and brushing it down smoothly on both sides. As for the fan-shaped hang that requires considerable act in the cut. bang, that requires considerable art in the cut-ting, for the effect must be obtained of the ting, for the effect must be obtained of the hair spreading out on both sides somewhat like a palmetto fan. The hair underneath the bone is cut quite short and is shorter near the stock of the tail than the end, the latter being rounded rather than square. Both the parted bang and the fan-shaped bang belong more properly to the docked tail. A banged tail strictly speaking is one the hair of which is cut square, just as a girl is said to have bangs when she wears a square-cut forelock.

when she wears a square-cut forelock. IS DOCKING A CRUELTY? "Is docking a horse's tail a cruelty such as should be prohibited by law?" This question was put to a member of the Humane Society and he promptly answered "Yes." As a mat-ter of fact there are a good many cases of arand he promptly answered "Yes." As a matter of fact there are a good many cases of arrest and fine for thus mutilating horses, and in some cities the fine is a regular part of the expense of having the operation performed. But the crueity is not in the actual surgical operation itself so much as in the life-long inconvenience and sometimes torture that ensue. Of course no one can pretend that cutting a horse's tail off does not hurt. The amateur rustic method of performing the operation is barbarous. It consists simply in backing the animal against a fence or a tree and chopping his tail off as though it it were a piece of kindling wood. Veterinary surgeons are, of course, more scientific. They take the requisite number of inches off, so that the shock is the principal inconveniense. The actual excruciating pain comes from the application of the hot from to the stump as soon as the operation is performed. This is the same sort of torture that used to take place in England when a subject's right hand was cut off for some such offense as striking another within the precincts of the king's palace yard. Men were found who would suffer the mutilation without a groan, but when the "hissing hot from" was applied to the raw stump the stoutest-hearted man would give a scream of pain. However, this only lasts for a little white, and then the docked tail to remain always in the stable of the man that had it docked. There the horse that owns it has a sheet on him in summer to keep the fires off. main always in the stable of the man that had it docked. There the horse that owns it has a sheet on him in summer to keep the files off, and when he is in use he usually goes along pretty fast and the flies do not bother him

If he is ever given a run in the fields he has quite a fight for it, but he is nearly always in the stable. If such is his life then the docking of his tail, while a cruelty, is not such an incessant torment after all. But suppose, now, that the rich man who has his horse's tail docked gets tired of the horse, or the horse breaks down, as horses which are used at irregular intervals and then used hard, are pretty sure to do. He sells him, say, to a livery stable keeper. There he gets good usage as long as he is in the stable, and the stable is usually kept tolerably free from flies. Still the poor horse without any tail keeps stamping and shaking himself from morning till night. In the dult season the livery stable man sends a lot of his horses into the country to run at pasture, and there the docked tail nag is in constant torment. He cannot eat in peace, he cannot stand still in the shade and rest. All day long he is battling with stinging flies. If the stable. If such is his life then the docking